Franklyn's Second Chance at Romance

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Franklyn’s Second Chance at Romance

by that_squishy_robot

Summary

After Franklyn’s failed romance with Doctor Lecter, he realizes that maybe it wasn’t meant to be. He finds himself wanting to be closer to Will this time around. They have so much in common, and Will is so loving. Maybe this was his second chance.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Franklyn had come to learn that Will Graham was hard to read. During his failed romance with Doctor Lecter, Franklyn had paid very little attention to the scruffy man. Now however he finds Will may be his second chance at romance.

Will was so… Different from anyone else he had met. From his work in the FBI, to his love of dogs. He was often pretty quiet, but seemed like he knew everything in his surroundings. With all of the rumors surrounding him, Will Graham seemed dangerous. Franklyn found he liked the danger.

He found he liked the danger, but also the warm feeling Will gave off. You almost wanted to trust him. To befriend him. To love him. Franklyn found it so strange, considering he wanted to hate the man when they first met.

However, that was when he still loved Doctor Lecter. He was blind to anything in his surroundings at that moment in time. Of course, after he saw how Will treated that dog, how he smiled, and how his voice had that slight southern accent. It was almost impossible not to fall for him.

It hurt that Franklyn knew next to nothing about him. Right now, he only knew that Will like cheap whiskey and snack cakes. He also prefered the company of dogs to people. Franklyn had decided it was time to really get to know him. That was easier said than done. He had no idea where Will spent his free time, other than at home, and Franklyn couldn't just show up there. They had to take things slow.

Franklyn did end up finding that Will always had the very last appointment with Doctor Lecter, almost everyday. That in itself was kind of worry some. He hoped Will was feeling ok. That aside, Franklyn had managed to schedule his new appointment, right before Will came in for his. Now they would walk into each other when he was leaving and Will was arriving.

It worked perfectly. "Will! It's nice to see you. How's Zimbro?" He asked as soon as he saw the relatively tired looking man.

"Huh? Oh, hi, yeah… Zim's good. He likes burrowing under my sheets at night." Will chuckled slightly.

"I'm glad. I'd love to see him again one day. He looked so malnourished then." Franklyn said, as he laid the bait. Rule number one in getting someone to fall in love with you, was taking an interest in what they care about.

"I'm sure he'd love to see you. You did give him cheese that cost more than his normal food."

"Good food is the way to anyone's heart." Franklyn smiled. *Note to self: Find out Will's favorite meal.*

"My life motto." Doctor Lecter said, as he walked into the waiting room.

“One of them anyway.” Will said, rolling his eyes.

“Is there anything I can help you with, Franklyn?” Doctor Lecter asked him.

It was still difficult for Franklyn to ignore the feelings he once had for the man. He was amazing, but Franklyn new he couldn’t do that to Will. For them to be together, it had to be all or nothing.

“I was just asking about Will’s new dog, I helped him rescue it.” He said proudly.

“I wasn’t aware you found a new pack member, Will.”

“He literally tried to attack you last night.” Will noted.

“A new addition to your sizable pack, can be hard to notice.” Hannibal admitted.

“I was actually thinking about adopting a dog myself. It can get lonely at home.” Franklyn admitted. He knew this would be a way to get closer to Will, but he also kind of wanted to companionship a dog offered.

“I’d offer you one of mine, but to be honest it’d probably last a day before I stole them back.”

“You must really care about them.” Franklyn knew that was an understatement, but still. “Maybe you’d know a good animal shelter?”

“I know eight, but I have a friend who works at one near by, I’ll give you her number.” Will smiled, obviously happy about the idea of finding a dog a new home.

There conversations only lasted a bit longer, before Hannibal noted that they were cutting into Will’s appointment time. To which Will replied with, *“Yeah my appointment time.”*

All in all, it was a good day. Franklyn certainly made some progress in his quest for Will Graham’s heart.

~

Franklyn knew it was meant to be, when he met Lion. A beautiful Pomeranian, with little spots on her nose that looked like freckles. She had excitedly greeted him, sitting on her back legs, waving her front paws.

Despite the beauty and sweet personality…. Lion was psychotic. She hated other dogs, and got her kicks in chewing up expensive leather shoes.

Franklyn didn’t love his new friend any less, but dear lord. Not even training classes were helping.

He had started taking her around dog parks near Wolftrap, in hopes he might see Will and his pack, but so far it hadn’t worked. Will owned a large piece of land, why would he need a dog park?

That was certainly the question he was asking when he actually saw Will with his now eight dogs, at a newer dog park.

The pack followed him around happily and well trained. It was amazing, in Franklyn's humble opinion. Will looked like a sexy out doors man, with his flannel and scruff, the dogs following him around, only added to that.

"Will!" Franklyn shouted. "Will Graham!"

Will had stopped dead in his tracks, when he heard him shouting. Franklyn had hoped that was a good thing.

He didn't really bother with a greeting, rather he dropped down to meet the dog. "Aww. Who are you?"

"This is my pomeranian, Lion. She's two years old, loves cheese, and is slightly hateful towards everything else." Franklyn said proudly. In Will's presence, Lion was actually being very well behaved. She wasn't even trying to attack his dogs.

"Lion? You look like a lion don't you?" Will laughed.

The whole scene was one of the most amazing things Franklyn had ever seen in his life. Will was beautiful when he smiled.

"You know she's not actually a pomeranian, right?"

"Huh? Of course she is, I have her papers."

"She's got to be twenty pounds, Franklyn." Will said, letting the dog jump into his lap.

"Yeah but… I mean, what is she then."

"A Miniature American Eskimo. Mostly anyway. There might be some pomeranian."

"Ah. Well she's still perfect. At least to me." Franklyn said, sitting down to pet his dog. She prefered to sit in Will's lap, and he couldn't really blame her.

"Definitely. She even has freckles." Will's lab mutt, that had chased him away the first time, came over to meet Lion. She snapped at him, making the larger dog jump back.

"No ma'am, we do not bite." Will said sternly.

Lion lowered her head in apology and let the other dogs come by.

"Wow! That was amazing Will! Her training classes couldn't even stop her from doing that." Franklyn said, excitedly. Will was so amazing, he wanted to see everything he could do. What other skills he had.

"Strays are like that. They just need a bit more work and understanding. I could help you out with her, if you want."

Franklyn found himself speechless. Will Graham had just made the next step in their growing relationship. A date.

~

Franklyn and Will would spend their time walking around the dog park, when not training Lion. Will didn't bring all eight of his dogs, rather he just brought Winston, because he was so calm and a good influence on Lion. He didn't seem to mind when the smaller dog occasionally snapped at him.

The whole thing was absolutely wonderful. Franklyn loved spending this time with Will. He recently learned that he worked as a professor for the FBI, but was often forced into field work. When Franklyn asked why, Will had said their was a shortage of warm bodies for the cold body cases. It wasn't the creepy analogy that confused Franklyn, rather he was sure the man was lying. It just didn't make sense. What didn't Will want him to know?

He had to find a way to prove that he could be here for him. Will didn't have to be alone. Franklyn wouldn't let him. He had learned from his mistakes with Hannibal. He wouldn't make them with Will.

For now he would simply imagine a future for them together. Maybe they would take their dogs and move to a nice place in the woods. Plenty of privacy and room for the dogs. They could invite Hannibal over once in awhile. By then, Franklyn would have moved on from him, and all three of them could be friends. Maybe they could go on double dates with Hannibal's love interest. They would all be so happy.

~

"You seem happier than normal Franklyn. Has there been a new development in your life?" Hannibal asked Franklyn, during his Tuesday appointment.

"You could say that… I met someone." It felt a bit strange for Franklyn to discuss this, after everything that had happened between them. Not to mention Hannibal was Will's friend. However, he had no one else to talk to about this stuff with.

"That is good to hear. Tell me about them."

"Oh! He's amazing. We have so much in common. Right now we're taking it slow. He even made the first move, by offering to train my new dog. I really think he might be the one." Franklyn gushed. He couldn't tell him that he was seeing Will. At least not yet. There would be a time and place.

"I see. How do you plan to move forward in this relationship?"

"I'm going to invite him over for lunch soon! Dinner is a bit to formal, so I don't want to freak him out."

"How are you dealing with my attachment issues?"

"I don't have attachment issues." Franklyn said, defensively.

Hannibal simply gave him a look, that meant he already knew he was lying.

“I’m… Doing better. I’ve learned to give people space now. I think it’s going to help me.”

~

The house had to be perfect. Will was going to be over in fifteen minutes, and everything was going wrong! Franklyn hadn’t managed to clean up all the dog hair. The lunch he made was still cooking. It was even snowing! What if Will crashed on the way here?

Ok. Now was not the time to panic. What would Doctor Lecter do in this situation? He would dress up nice, stay calm, and offer the spare room, incase the snow was to bad to drive back in. It was fine. Will would be fine, and they would have a great lunch together.

The doorbell rang, and Will was right on time. Franklyn had managed to get everything in place, before answering.

“Will! I’m so happy to see you! How was the drive?”

“Not bad. Where’s Lion?”

“Oh. She likes sleeping in the laundry room, it’s warmer in there. Don’t worry. She’ll come out when she smells the food.”

Franklyn led Will into the kitchen, a bit nervous. This is the first meal they were going to share together, and Franklyn cooked it! Technically this is their first real date as well.

“I got this recipe from a good friend of mine. I know you liked fish, so I hope you will enjoy this,”

“Smells great.” Will smiled, although Franklyn lost all of his attention when Lion walked into the room. Guess one couldn’t compete with his love of dogs. Yet.

“Hey girl, you look so pretty today.” Will cooed, dropping down to pet Lion. She happily dance around him. Partly because she enjoyed his company, the other because there was food.

There was a good chance that she liked Will the best, but Franklyn couldn’t blame her. Who wouldn’t want to spend their life being pet and fed by Will Graham?

On the other hand, it made Franklyn feel better about their relationship. Dogs were a great judge of character. Seeing how much Lion loved Will really put things in perspective.

Franklyn shooed Lion into the living room, so he and Will could eat in peace. She had a habit of jumping into an extra chair hoping for food.

“This seems familiar… Did you get this recipe from Hannibal by any chance?” Will asked after they started their meal.

“I did. I’m not one to cook, but I followed the instructions perfectly. I even chose all of the ingredients he uses.” Franklyn explained. He had asked Doctor Lecter about it during his last

session. Apparently both of their partners liked fish, so it helped to exchange recipes.

“Well not all of the ingredients.” It looked like Will was having some difficulty keeping a straight face.

“No?” Franklyn asked, slightly in a panic. “What did I miss?” What if he didn’t like the food? What if Franklyn just made a fool of himself trying to please him.

“Nothing important. It’s better without it any way.”

Will had just said his food was better than Doctor Lecter’s. Doctor Lecter, the culinary expert… Franklyn felt like he could die happy at this point.

~

After lunch, Will stayed on the floor playing with Lion. He wasn’t much for conversation at this point, but Franklyn was happy to just watch them. He wondered if Will would act this way with their kids… Well he was moving a bit ahead of himself. This was their first real date. There was much more to come, before settling into domestic bliss. Franklyn knew it was on the way, but it would take time. Good things come to those who wait.

He looked out the window, to see it was still snowing. It looked like Will might not be able to drive home. He’d probably have to spend the night. Franklyn wanted to offer his bed, but it was to early for that. Maybe one day soon. For now he could offer some warm clothes and a soft bed in the guest room to use. “Will. The snow seems to be setting in.”

“Fuck. Your right. I need to get back before it’s too bad.”

“You’re more than welcome to spend the night here.”

“Thanks for the offer, but Hannibal will throw a fit if I have dinner anywhere else.” Will laughed.

Damn. Next time then.

~

Hannibal was just putting the meal he was slow cooking into the oven, when Will walked in. He’s face was red from the cold, and he looked tired from just the drive over. Perfect. It meant that he could spend all their time together wrapped around him.

“How was your day, Mongoose?” Hannibal asked, walking over to help Will with his coat.

“It was ok. I think I might be pretending to be someone’s friend, just so I can hang out with their dog, but that’s not new.”

Hannibal chuckled, pulling Will in for a kiss. “At least it will not be another addition to your pack.” Will’s beard scratched him a bit, but he couldn’t say it wasn’t enjoyable.

“Don’t underestimate me.”

“When it comes to your love of furry companions, I will not. However, perhaps you should hold off. I do not think there is anymore room in your home.”

“Guess it’s time to move then. Maybe Alaska.” Will joked, not missing this disapproving glare Hannibal gave him. “Kidding. Alaska’s to cold, so maybe Florida.”

Despite Will’s love of testing his patients, Hannibal couldn’t help but smile. “Perhaps we’ll buy land in Florence.”

“I’m down for any place, as long as we can be hermits.”

“One day I will hold you to that.’’

They spent a good amount of time nuzzling each other, before moving into the kitchen.

~

Dinner had gone well, and of course Hannibal had convinced Will to stay the night.

“Hannibal, I seriously need to get home, I have work tomorrow.”

“Then I could offer you a massage to relieve stress.” The offer of a massage was always an ace up his sleeve.

“...I hate you…”

So that was how Will ended up face first into the mattress, covered in lavender scented massage oil.

“Is your body feeling looser, Will?” Hannibal asked, pushing the palms of hands into Will’s shoulders.

“Hmm. Fuck. I think you should be the judge of that.”

Hannibal hummed in approval, dragging his hands down Will’s back and over his butt. Simply touching Will was one of his favorite things to do, he loved to admire his form. His body must have been crafted by the gods themselves. However his enjoyment was cut short, by his phone ringing.

While he grealy wanted to ignore it, it could be a patient that he would need to talk down from something. Will always understood this, but that didn’t stop him from rolling over and complaining.

“This is Doctor Lecter.” He answered, laying himself over Will.

“Doctor Lecter?” Franklyn asked confused on the other end of the line.

“Is there a reason you are calling me so late, Franklyn?” Hannibal was doing his best to remain calm, but Will was naked underneath him, and they had much better things to be doing right now.

“Actually I called Will… I wasn’t aware he was still at your place.”

Hannibal pulled the phone back, and sure enough the scratches showed it was Will’s. They had the same phone, as well as default ringtone. The only differences were that Will had scratches all over his.

“Right. My apologies. I will hand you over to him.” Looks like the postponement of their more interesting activities had lengthened in time.

“Franklyn?” Will asked, unable to keep the yawn out of his voice.

“Hi Will! I just wanted to call to make sure you made it home ok.”

“At midnight?” Will asked, stretching his arms out, as Hannibal started leaving kisses down his neck, and digging his fingers into his hip bones.

“Yeah you know. It’s been a long day… I wasn’t aware you were still at Doctor Lecter’s.”

Will and Hannibal did not keep their relationship a secret exactly, they just never bothered to tell anyone. They were comfortable that way.

“The snow turned out to be to bad to drive in, so I stayed over.” Will didn’t know why he had to explain this to him, but whatever got him off the phone quicker. Hannibal threw a fit every time he was rude, even with people he didn’t particularly like.

“I see… I’ll call you tomorrow then. You sound tired.” Franklyn sighed.

~

Sometimes Hannibal’s patients made him want to have a glass of wine.... Or four. They were often boring, and only came to therapy because it seemed like an easy fix. This was no different for Franklyn. It tended to be worse, since the man seemed to have an obsession with him. Hannibal really should transfer him to another Doctor soon. He just couldn’t find someone he hated enough to do so. For now he would sit here and pretend to listen to the man drone on, partly thinking about jabbing his pen into the his neck.

“Hannibal, there’s something I need to talk to you about. Friend to friend.” Franklyn finally found himself saying.

“Franklyn, as I have said before…”

“No. I need you to listen to me. I’m not comfortable with you seeing Will so often. You two are together almost all the time. It’s not normal.”

“My life outside of this office, is none of your concern, Franklyn. We have talked about this before.”

“Will and I are in a relationship now!” Franklyn shouted.

Hannibal snapped the pen he was holding.

“I know you’re not trying to, but I don’t want you to get between us. We’ve been putting off telling you, but I think it is time you knew.”

Hannibal was not going to kill him. He wasn’t. It would be sloppy, and an easy way for him to get caught. He wasn’t going to snap his neck for claiming to be in a relationship with Will. His Will.

“I see. Tell me Franklyn, does Will know the two of you are together?”

“Of course he does! He does so many nice things for me. We go on dates, and he even fixed my car. Plus my dog Lion, loves him.”

Well Hannibal couldn’t argue with that. Will often showed his love for Hannibal, by taking him on walks, or playing handyman.

But this meant Franklyn was the friend with the dog Will liked. He must have misread Will’s signs of fake friendship, as romantic intentions.

Either way, his Mongoose was so dead.

~

That night for dinner, Hannibal made Will’s favorite meal, and even gave him whiskey over wine. Of course that didn’t stop him from giving the other man death glares, and being a step away from the Franklyn question.

“Ok Hannibal, what’s wrong?” Will finally asked.

“Nothing at all, why do you ask?”

“Yes there is. You’re giving me the *“Mongoose is pissing me the fuck off, but I can’t stab him,* look.”

Hannibal couldn’t help but smile, hear Will refer to himself as the nickname he gave him. However, there were more pressing matters to attend to. “Then tell me Will. How long have you been seeing Franklyn behind my back?”

Will made a rather undignified sound, choking on his whiskey. “What the hell are you talking about?”

“Today Franklyn spent most of his session talking about how in love the two of you were, and how he was worried I was going to get in the middle.”

“Son of a bitch. I just hang out with him for the dog Hannibal. That’s how it is with almost anyone I know.”

Hannibal did know this, that’s why the situation partly amused him. However he didn’t share, and Franklyn was going to learn that the hard why.

“You know this means you’ll have to stop seeing him.”

“But the dog!”

“Will.”

“...fine. But I’m adopting another dog to fill the void.”

~

Will didn’t know why Hannibal still kept his appointment time at the end of the day. They could literally just go home together. However Will always showed up, and Hannibal always kept it booked.

“Hello Mongoose.”

“What? Not going to pretend you’re still my physiatrist?” Will laughed, walking up to greet Hannibal with their typical kiss and neck nuzzling.

“No. I was quite hoping we could try out a certain fantasy of mine.”

“If you say you have an office kink, I’m leaving you.” Will sighed.

Hannibal only smiled at him and Will knew he was doomed at that moment.

After that it was a passionate crash of lips and fumbling movements of pulling off clothes. Will pushed Hannibal back into his obnoxiously large desk, and started working his tie off.

“Perhaps I am not the one with the office kink.” Hannibal said, tangling his fingers in Will’s curls.

“Well you influence me in more ways than one.” Will pushed him up onto the table, and moved between his legs.

Hannibal wrapped his gorgeous long legs around his waist to pull him in closer.

~

Franklyn felt guilty. He was way to hard on Hannibal the other day. He knew Hannibal was good friends with Will. That’s how they met after all, but being at someone else’s house at midnight wasn’t exactly something you did when you were in a relationship with someone else.

Franklyn would have to have this conversation with Will as well. They needed to have boundaries in their relationship. Those boundaries would be not spending the night at your drop dead gorgeous friend’s house.

For now, Franklyn had come to make amends with Hannibal. Will should be in for his appointment right now, so it wouldn’t be a problem. It was time the three of them had this discussion anyway. He would have to apologize to Will for outing them as as well.

He walked into the empty waiting room, seeing that the door to Hannibal's office was just slightly cracked. It wouldn't hurt if he walked in right? He and Will wouldn't have secrets at some point in their relationship. He quietly opened the door, hoping to not disturb them too much.

"Fuck, Hannibal you're going to pull my hair out. Loosen up." Will groaned.

"Hmm."

Franklyn saw them. He saw them on Hannibal's desk, disheveled and breathing hard. Hannibal had his hands tangled in Will's hair and legs wrapped around his waist. Will was nearly ripping the buttons off Hannibal's shirt.

And Franklyn? Franklyn screamed.

Will and Hannibal jumped apart in a second.

"Son of a fuck!" Will shouted. "Franklyn what the hell?"

"How could you!? Both of you!? My best friend and lover!" Franklyn was crying, how could he not. He was being cheated on. How long has this been going on? How could they do this to him?

Will groaned swearing under his breath. "Damnit Hannibal. You planned this, didn't you?"

"How could you throw this away? How could you throw us a away?" Franklyn shouted. He want to slap him. Both of them. How could he have been so stupid. He thought that Will loved him.

"Franklyn… you do realize Hannibal and I have been in a relationship for almost a year now, right?"

"W-what? No. You're lying to me. You were the one, we were going to be happy." Franklyn's world was falling apart around him. He had loved both of them at different points, and it turns out they were together. No. It didn't make sense. He didn't want it to.

"I mean I'm pretty with Hannibal. Despite the fact he's a smug manipulative bag of dicks." Will shrugged. "I really don't know where you even came up with the idea we were dating."

Hannibal came around to neaten Will's shirt for him, already having fixed his own. "Perhaps before you set your sights on someone, you should check that they are not attached."

Franklyn slapped Hannibal's hands off Will, slightly shocking all three of them. Franklyn wasn't the type to get physical in any way of the word. Before anything else could happen, Will pushed Hannibal behind him with a glare.

"I got the idea because we were dating! We had meals together, went on walks. How could that mean nothing to you!?"

"It was for Lion…"

“You only loved me for my dog!?”

“Well….”

“Well you can never see her again! And I never want to see either of you again!”

After that, Franklyn went home to his dog and cheese, and cried. It had been the second time he had lost someone he loved to another.

~

“I really liked that dog.” Will sighed. He turned to Hannibal, who looked unbelievably smug. “You are such an asshole. I can’t believe you planned this.”

“What other way would we prove to him that you are taken, my dear Will?”

“Oh I don’t know, maybe talking like actual human beings. You sentient bag of dicks!”

End Notes

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